

# THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

VOL. IV. NO. 7.  
WHOLE NO. 119.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1865.

{ \$3.00 A YEAR.  
6 CTS. A NUMBER

## THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

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Office of Publication: No. 64 NASSAU STREET,  
New York City.

Post-Office Address: Box 2120, N. Y.

PRICE, \$3.00 A YEAR 6 CENTS A NUMBER.

Advertisements, 15 Cents a line.

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#### BOHEMIA—

The entire population.

## LITERARY NOTES.

(REPORTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS.)

— Mr. N. G. Shepherd, the author of "How Spring comes to the Blind," and other poems, has been in town during the week, and honored our sanctum with a visit. It will be interesting to the curious in such matters to know that Mr. Shepherd uses cream-tinted paper for his manuscripts, and writes with black and tan ink. He is at present an active contributor to *HARPER'S MONTHLY* and humorous other periodicals. How long he is to remain in town is not known. While here he lives "on the European plan" in Amity St.

— Chevalier McArone, who writes sometimes over the *nom de plume* of "George Arnold" has gone down to Strawberry Farms N. J., to construct his annual Fall poem, and make a visit to Aimée Chou-chou. It is not improbable that a volume of his verses will be published during the holidays by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. The Chevalier has taken his "dogg" with him to the country and expects to go to the sea-side to "hunt the bounding clam." One of the eccentricities of this genius is that he writes with a back-hand action and on narrow strips of paper made of bamboo. Another is that he prefers the city to the country. We believe the country is a very nice place and are pleased to see our young poets patronizing it.

— Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have completed their new publishing house in Boston, and it is said to be the finest building in the world. It is situated in Tremont Street near the Common and within easy reach of the Park St. Church and the Museum. Mr. Osgood, a young and enterprising member of the firm, was in town this week, and put up at a hotel. He returned on Monday by the way of Newport. We had no opportunity to converse with Mr. Osgood about the new store, but learn that it is composed in good part of shelves which are made chiefly of wood—and filled with books and magazines. It is pleasant to know that notwithstanding the grandeur of their new establishment, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will continue to publish their *YOUNG FOLKS' MAGAZINE* and also their *OLD FOLKS' QUARTERLY REVIEW* and the *ATLANTIC MONTHLY*.

— Mr. R. H. Stoddard, whose "Little Red Riding-Hood" was all the fashion last year, has just finished a rhythmical version of "The Babes in the Wood" which will be published at about Christmas time. A wine-merchant writes us, by the way, to know if by "Babes in the Wood" is meant Babes in the Cradle. We scorn to reply. In respect to Mr. Stod-

dard's other enterprises, we are at liberty to state that he is at work, at present, on a new poem, of which last week he wrote two verses. It will contain six in all, leaving, therefore, four, we believe, to be completed. It is said that Mr. S. writes all his verses between breakfast and dinner, and that he invariably rises in the morning and retires at night. His poems have all had a large sale, and his publishers allow him a commission on them. He is living just now in the city, but spent a day recently in Brooklyn, where he went by the way of Fulton Ferry and returned by the Wall St.

— Mr. T. B. Aldrich went to Bay Ridge last month to write a Sonnet. It will be found in the September number of the *ATLANTIC*. The young poet wrote it, as is his wont, while sitting under a tree. The touching incident is reported to us by a correspondent.

— Mr. Bayard Taylor has been spending the summer at his private residence. It being his private residence, the public will be anxious to know where it is. We will gratify them. It is in Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa. Mr. Taylor is writing a third American novel. At last accounts he had got as far as the 1892d page.

— Professor Draper is writing a "History of the Rebellion." Nearly everybody else is doing the same thing. It is said the Professor writes original matter at the rate of ten pages an hour, and transcribes with twice the rapidity. This last feat explains his free use of Lewes and others in his philosophical works.

— Mr. T. Buchanan Read has been amusing himself and the country this summer by reciting his poem entitled "Sheridan's Ride." His last recital of it was at a Wool-Dealer's Convention in Philadelphia. The members have all been wool-gathering ever since.

— Mr. John G. Saxe passed through town the other day, and is said to have dined with Mr. Bonner of the *LEDGER*. He was in at our office for a moment, and on leaving went down town in the direction of Wall street. We asked him how much he had earned this last year, and he declined telling us. He lives at home with his family.

— The *HOME JOURNAL* has recently published a life of Brentano. It is correct in the main, but neglects to state where the great news-agent dines, and also commits some errors in tracing his descent. We are consulting some heraldic authorities to set the matter right. In affairs of this kind it is impossible to be too particular. Our private opinion is that Brentano, like our new Collector, descended from a long line of Kings.



## ART NOTES.

(IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS.)

— Mr. Williams, the well-known landscape painter, is passing the season down South. He took his portfolio and umbrella with him and is expected to bring home a number of excellent drawings. His studio is in Dodworth's new building. He has written several letters to his sister during his absence, from which we learn that he thinks of getting married. It depends wholly on whether a young lady in Richmond will accept his offer. At last accounts he was writing her a second letter. If things come out right he intends to pass his honeymoon at the North. The public is anxiously awaiting for further particulars.

— Mr. Whiting, whose *chefs d'œuvre* attracted so much attention at the Academy last year, is at the White Mountains with his wife's cousin. A letter from North Conway says he passed through that village a few days ago and spent a night on Mount Keernage in order to see the sun rise the next morning. He wore a velvet shooting-jacket and trousers to match. We expect that this talented young artist will bring home a number of fine studies.

— Mr. Smith, the clever young portrait painter, has been passing the Summer at the Catskills. He is accompanied by an accomplished young dry-goods clerk from Stewart's. Connoisseurs will remember Mr. Smith by the excellent picture which he exhibited a few years since, entitled "The Portrait of a Lady." He has rooms in the Studio Building, Tenth Avenue. During his absence he has painted the portraits of two young milk maids. It is confidently hoped that he will be in town again by the middle of next week.

— Mr. Brown, the animal painter, is building himself a house on the Hudson. He inherited the money from a great aunt. The report that he was engaged to Miss —, of —, is untrue. He is about to marry her sister.

— Mr. Pearson is said to be painting the portrait of Miss H——n, of 42d street, daughter of the distinguished stock-broker. He still keeps his studio in Ninth street, and is increasing in popularity every day. His family have resided this last year in Brooklyn. We hope to see his well-known pencil next year at the Academy.

— Mr. Floyd has spent most of the summer trout-fishing. He may be expected back next week, when it is understood he will take furnished lodgings in Bleeker street with his brother. His portfolio is doubtless full of good sketches. His picture of "General Washington in a Thunder-storm," exhibited last year, entitles him to be made a member of the Academy. He celebrated his 29th birthday last week, and is to be married in course of the season to Miss Waterfall, of Williamsburg.

— Mr. Eastman is expected home from Canada next week. He left his wife in Portland. He has just bought a Newfoundland pup. His portfolio is full of études, which it is to be hoped he will finish in his usual style. There is no more deserving artist in the country. His town residence is in 29th street, near the Fifth avenue.

— Mr. Graham arrived in town last Tuesday by the Fall River boat. He is looking well. His wife and child will remain for a few weeks in Boston. He has spent six months in the

White Mountains, and brings home a sketch of "Mount Washington, as it was being ascended by Major General —." He is one of our most rising young artists. The report that he sprained his arm last July is not true: it was his foot.

— Mr. Brigham, the watercolor painter, is travelling with his family in Europe. He expects to spend some time in Italy. He has grown a moustache since he left New York, and sold several of his pictures. His family, at last dates, were quite well. When they return they think of moving from 18th street to 22d street. His studio is at present unoccupied. It may safely be presumed that Mr. Brigham will improve his time while abroad, and bring home quite a collection of new pictures.

— Mr. Keith, the landscape painter, is still in Vermont, taking sketches. A friend writes that he has just finished the trunk of an old tree in his best style. His studio is in 8th street, where we soon expect to welcome him back again. His mother has gone to meet him, also his second cousin on the mother's side.

— Miss Joy, the beautiful and gifted watercoloriste, has remained in town all summer at her studio in Broadway. We visited it the other day and was much struck by the improvement she has made. A little picture entitled "Poor Old Hannah Binding Shoes," affected us particularly. It brought tears to our eyes. Price \$10. Miss Joy is about to change her name to Mrs. —, which is a proof that "a thing of beauty" is not always a joy forever. Her mother has recently taken a house in Yorkville.

— Mr. Brooks, the sculptor, and Mr. Dean, the genre painter, have gone off sailing together in Mr. Van Fleck's fine yacht, "The Lovely Matilda," which cost over \$25,000. They will probably be gone about a fortnight. We wish them a successful trip. On his return, Mr. Dean will complete a splendid picture he has on his easel, illustrating a verse from Tupper. Mr. Dean is one of the most imaginative of our artists, and has recently inherited a fortune of \$50,000.

## COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTS.)

The supply of money in the market this week is stated by the papers to be greater than the demand. We went down to Wall street yesterday to see if this could be true, and found it was not. We offered the best paper (THE SATURDAY PRESS) and were refused. The INDEPENDENT of Thursday says: "Good borrowers can obtain loans on call at 5 to 6 per cent.;" but this statement, too, is incorrect. We sent down one of the best borrowers we know of, and he couldn't raise a dollar. The same journal states that "there is a large accumulation of gold in the Treasury above all need," from which we infer that the National Debt has been paid off, although the fact has not been thought of sufficient importance to report.

U. S. stocks are steady, but quiet: railroads are shaky.

The local banks are expanding their loans, decreasing their deposits, employing new clerks, and keeping a sharp lookout after pretty waiter-girls.

The Insurance companies go on in the old way, each one having its own policy.

The Produce market is so-so. Oysters are going steadily down: the same with whiskey and spirits generally. Breadstuffs, on account of the increased supply of yeast, are on the rise. Beef is firm, but lard (owing, perhaps, to the weather) is rapidly disappearing from the market. Onions are smooth: cheeses lively. Fruits are mellow, and the fruit stores (especially in the evening, after the theatre) are doing a first-rate business. Frogs have gone up, especially at Dodworth Hall.

The Dry Goods market is more active than ever. Claffin & Co. are selling prints at the rate of a million dollars, more or less, per minute: ditto Bliss & Co., Jaffray & Co., and Lathrop, Luddington & Co. Some of the smaller houses, such as A. T. Stewart & Co., are also doing well. A member of one of them has sent us a sort of "Dry Goods Psalm of Life," from which we make the following extract:

Sales of great men still remind us  
We may make our sales sublime  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Sprague-prints on the sands of time.

Sprague-prints which perhaps another,  
Sailing on trade's stormy main,  
Some forlorn and dry goods brother  
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and selling  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still wholesaling, still retailing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

Hops are on the decline, especially since the breaking up at Saratoga and Newport.

Cotton is from fair to middling.

Coffee is pretty generally weak: ditto tea.

Finally, Petroleum is still in demand, and is used more and more for purposes of gas.

ARTEMUS WARD:  
HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NEW YORK, NEAR FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, }  
Org. 81st. }

DR. SIR—Yrs, into which you ask me to send you sum leadin incidents in my life so you can write my Bogfry for the papers, cum dooly to hand. I hav no doubt that a article onto my life, grammattically jerked and properly punktoated, would be a addition to the chois literatoor of the day.

To the youth of Ameriky it would be vallyble as showin how high a pinnykle of fame a man can reach who commenst his career with a small canvass tent and a pea-green ox, which he rubbed it off while scratchin hissel agin the center pole, causin in Rahway, N. J. a discriminatin mob to say humbugs would not go down in them village. The ox resoom'd agricultooral pursoots shortly afterwards.

I next tried my hand at givin Blind-man concerts, appearin as the poor blind-man myself. But the infamus cuss who I hired to lead me round towns in the day time to excite sympathy, drank freely of spirituous licker unbeknowns to me one day, & while under them infloocance he led me into the canal. I had to either tear the green bandige from my eyes or be drowned. I tho't I'd restore my eyesight.

In writin about these things, Mr.—Editor, kinder smooth 'em over. Speak of 'em as eccentricities of gen'us.



My next venture would have been a success if I hadn't tried to do too much. I got up a series of wax figures, and among others one of Socrates. I tho't a wax figure of Old Sock would be popular with eddybated people, but unfortunately I put a Brown linen duster and a U. S. Army regulation cap on him, which people with classycal eddybations said it was a farce. This enterprise was unfortunate in other respects. At a certin town I advertised a wax figger of the Hon'ble Amos Parkins, who was a Railroad President, and a great person in them parts. But it appeared I had shown the same figger for a Pirat named Gibbs in that town the previs season, which created a intense toomult, & the audience remarked "shame onto me," & other statements of the same similarness. I tried to mollify 'em. I told 'em that any family possesain children might have my she tiger to play with half a day, & I wouldn't charge 'em a cent, but alars! it was of no avall. I was forced to leave, & I infer from a article in the *Advertiser* of that town, in which the Editor says, "Altho' time has silvered this man's hed with its frosts, he still brazenly wallows in infamy. Still are his snakes stuffed, and his war works unreliable. We are glad that he has concluded to never revisit our town, altho' incredible as it may appear, the fellow really did contemplate so doing last summer; when, still true to the craven instincts of his black heart, he wrote the hireling knaves of the obscure journal across the street to know what they would charge for 400 small bills, to be done on yellow paper!" We shall recur to this matter again."

I say, I infer from this article that a prejudice still exists agin me in that town.

I will not speak of my once being in straitened circumstances in a certin town, and of my endeavorin' to accoomulate welth by lettin myself to Sabbath School picnics, to sing ballads adapted to the understanding of little children, accompanyin myself on a claironett—which I forgot where I was one day, singin instid of "Oh, how pleasant to be a little child,"

Rip snap—set 'em up again,  
Right in the middle of a three-cent pie,

which mistake, added to the fact that I couldn't play onto the claironett except making it howl dismal, broke up the picnic, and the children said in voices choked with sobs and emotions, where was their home and where was their Pa? and I said be quiet dear children, I am your Pa, which made a young woman with two twins by her side say very angrily, "Good heavens forbid you should ever be the Pa of any of these innocent ones unless it is much desirable for them to expire ignominiously upon to a murderer's gallus!"

I say I will not speak of this. Let it be Berrid into Oblivyun.

In your article, Mr. Editor, please tell 'em what sort of a man I am.

If you see fit to criticise my Show, speak your mind freely. I do not object to criticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my Show abounds in moral and startlin cooridities, any one of whom is worth double the price of admission.

I have thus far spoke of myself exclusively as a exhibitor.

I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle

for hours and say, "How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!" The young ladies would carry me round in their arms, sayin I was musser's berry darlin and a sweetie leety 'little ting. It was nice, tho' I wasn't old enuff to properly appreciate it. I'm a helthy old darlin now.

I have allers sustained a good moral character. I was never a Railroad director in my life.

Altho' in early life I did not inva'bly confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have bin gradually growin respectabler and respectabler ev'ry year. I hav my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house; but firmly b'lieve in meetin houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudanum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pockets.

My temperament is bilious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am an early riser, but my wife is a Presbyterian. I may add that I am also bald-headed. I keep two cows.

I liv in Baldwinville, Indiany. My next door nabar is Old Steve Billins. I'll tell you a little story about Old Steve that will make you larf. He jined the Church last Spring, and the minister said, "You must go home now, Brother Billins, and erect a family altar in your own house, whareupon the agrelis old ass went home and bilt a regular Pulpit in his settin room. He had the jiners in his house over four days.

I am 56 (56) years of age. Time, with its relentless scythe, is ever busy. The Old Sexton gathers them in, he gathers them in! I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of anything more, Mr. Ed'ter. If you should give my portrait in connection with my Bogfry, please have me engraved in a languishin' attitood, leanin on a marble pillar, leavin my back hair as it is now.

Truely yours, ARTHUR WARD.

(For the Saturday Press.)

#### A BOHEMIAN.

MR. EDITOR:—In the SATURDAY PRESS of August 26 your readers found a very graphic sketch of a Parisian Bohemienne; the characteristics of the male of that species were only casually alluded to, and in negative terms.

I am a Bohemian, have belonged to the tribe for many years, know something of the habits, manners and customs of its members, and claim a right to speak of them and for them. Let me say then, that in order to be a Bohemian it is necessary neither to become a sot, a loafer, nor a pauper. There are many temperate, active, well-to-do men of the world, whose days are passed at counting-decks, in attorney's offices, in studios, who are acknowledged and influential members of the tribe.

The chief qualification for admission into the fraternity is the power to adapt oneself to circumstances. Grumblers, fault-finders, railers against fortune, find no place in the Bohemian circle. Good-natured men who believe this world is a good place to live in—men who ignore narrow views of things and who think broadly and freely—men who ex-

press opinions not offensively, but clearly and independently, entertaining no fears and craving for no favors—men who have parted with the ownership or dictatorship of their own souls—men who believe in manhood and who do not pin their faith or their allegiance to the accidents of life—these are Bohemians.

As I said, I belong to the fraternity; whether worthily or unworthily has often been a question with me. I know most of the passwords and the grips, and generally find no difficulty in making myself known to my brothers. I have met Bohemians at home and abroad, and I am always glad to meet them and to practice the rites of the tribe in their company. Wealth, power, social influence are not among the requisites of membership; manliness, good-fellowship, originality or individuality are essentials. Mere dull, commonplace, respectable stupidity is not admissible to the feasts of the Bohemians.

The world ignores and sometimes despises its greatest benefactors, and now it looks askance and doubtfully at our most respectable and progressive order. If it could only know of the spiritual and mental food that has been cooked for its craving palate in the heat of our discussions, if it could only know that it is even now singing our songs and thinking our thoughts, it would, that unconscious, and therefore ungrateful world, cease to regard Bohemianism as another term for profligacy and pauperism.

In order to be a Bohemian it is not necessary to be without a home and children, without house and lands; it is necessary that the man should not depend upon house and lands, stocks and incomes for the consideration he claims at the hands of his fellows. It is not necessary that a Bohemian should have had a grandfather—it is necessary that he should be somebody in his own individual right; entirely independent of all quarterings, of all heraldry. Anybody may be a prince by mere accident of birth; no man can become a Bohemian unless he educes himself up to the high mysteries of the order.

A true Bohemian loves all art. If he is poor he purchases the privilege of standing at the opera, or visits studios. If he is rich, he takes a *loge* and decorates his house with sculpture and pictures. He reads poetry and feels the ring of it in his soul and the pathos of it in his heart; when he writes it, he writes what men and women laugh or cry over. Burns was a Bohemian, Emerson is one.

The real Bohemian religiously believes in the best and highest humanity, reverences real greatness, and despises that bloated greatness which imposes upon the world at large, and grows out of the man's surroundings of man and accident of life. Bohemians called the late majesty of Prussia "Old Aliquot," and Ferdinand of Naples "King Bomba." They even go so far as to call one of our leading Major-Generals "Old Brains," chiefly because he is deficient in that part of his anatomy. They affectionately called our late President (Uncle) Abraham, to indicate that they saw his humanity and good-nature towering above his exalted station—and this leaves me to say:

Abraham Lincoln was a most worthy member of our order; he could adapt himself to



circumstances. He was equally good as a flat boatman, an attorney, or president. He could talk pleasantly with a child about his hobby-horse, profoundly with a Chief-Justice about the administration of the law, shrewdly with a politician about the chances of election, with the Lieutenant-General about the prospects of a campaign, with a lone widow about the pardon of her son, with Earl Russell about international law, with a cadet about the dignity and promise of his profession; he could laugh with the merry and weep with the sorrowing. His large heart had still a corner left for the living grief or joy of any of his brethren.

Bohemians have an inclination to give pence, if they cannot scatter pounds, to the undeserving poor. They recognize vice, and the degradation and poverty of which it is the parent, as sometimes among the accidents of life, and believe that in almost every human being there is a little spark of true humanity which can be fanned to a flame more readily by practical, kindly sympathy, than by any exhibition of contempt and abhorrence.

The members of our order seldom subscribe to creeds. Every man believes for himself, and wholly rejects the authority of all councils and conclaves, however venerable. We believe that the world grows wiser as it grows older, and, not accepting the beliefs of the past, feel no inclination to impose our beliefs upon the future. If we have a creed it is this: every man's conscience belongs to himself, and he does that conscience a great wrong if he puts it under the control of "any other man" or set of men.

If I invite a Bohemian to my house his visit causes no derangement to my general plans, not even an inconvenience. He sits at my table and partakes merrily of the fare provided for myself and family. If I have not "Lafitte" to offer him, he will drink the health of the lady who presides in "St. Julien." If I have no "Cabanas" he will join me in a pipe on the verandah. He will romp with the children if he likes to do so. He will retire to bed when he is sleepy and make his appearance at the last ring of the breakfast-bell in the morning. If the host lives in the country, as I do, his Bohemian visitor will become interested in pigs and chickens for the time, enjoy lounging upon the hay mow, or stretching himself under the trees upon the soft grass. He will say nothing concerning the absence of gas and the presence of kerosene. He will find no fault because the papers are received two hours later than in the city. He will form the acquaintance of the farm laborers, who will always thereafter give him welcome. He will even caress the house dog and chirp pleasantly to the canary. When he leaves his good-bye is a cheery, hopeful one; and the invitation from host, hostess, children and servants to come again is honest and cordial.

C. C. W.

When Allah has a mind to ruin the ant, he gives him wings. The insect, filled with joy and pride, takes his flight. A little bird passes, sees him, and snaps him up.

Do not attach yourself to a cruel man; sooner or later you will find him as pitiless for you as he is for others.

## AN ADVENTURE

Once it happened on a Friday—  
Fridays always were unlucky—  
In the doubtful month of April,  
I walked out without umbrella.

I had on thin shoes and stockings,  
And a coat more fit for July  
Than the treacherous month of April,  
And my trowsers were of nankeen.

I was thinking of my Truelove,  
And my way lay toward her dwelling,  
Two miles distant as the bird flies—  
She expected me that evening.

Of the way I'd made a quarter,  
Ever thinking of my Truelove,  
When the rain began to patter,  
And to spot my nankeen trowsers.

Tush! said I, it is no matter—  
April showers were never lasting,  
Nankeens won't be long a-drying—  
I'll not disappoint my Truelove.

Patter, patter, still the rain went,  
And the drops grew ever larger,  
And before long my nankeens stuck  
To my skin like wet brown paper.

Patter, patter, still the rain went,  
And the drops fell thick and thicker,  
And the road grew deep and splashy,  
And my shoes let in the water;

And the stream that from my hat ran  
Down behind upon my shoulders,  
Would have turned a little mill-wheel,  
Had there been one at my coat-tail.

Never wetter was Leander,  
To his Hero nightly swimming,  
Never wetter was a drowned rat,  
Noah's ark was never wetter.

Sure I am, she's thinking of me,  
Looking out upon the weather;  
Well she knows the rain won't stop me,  
Well she knows there is no shelter.

Patter, patter, still the rain went,  
And the road grew even deeper;  
Well I said I, it is small matter—  
Come what will, I'll to my Truelove.

As I spoke, a sudden gust came;  
In a twinkling off my hat flew;  
Putting up my hand to save it,  
Down into the ditch my foot slipped.

In the struggle I fell over;  
'Twas the friendly brambles saved me,  
Else I'd sprained my wrist or ankle,  
Or perhaps put out my shoulder.

'Twas the friendly brambles saved me—  
Caught me by the nankeen trowsers—  
Broke my fall—but ah! my nankeens—  
What a rent—What shall I now do?

Recreant, canst thou turn and leave her,  
Waiting, watching at the window?  
"What is't keeps my Love from coming?"  
Truelove never minded weather."

There's the house in view already;  
And the hour, I hear it chiming—  
Spite of trowsers, spite of wetting,  
I'll be with thee, Love, this evening.

Fortune ever smiles on courage:  
In my sleeve behold a strong pin—  
Tailored in a trice my trowsers,  
Just enough to keep my shirt in.

Pocket handkerchief, tied neatly  
Twice round head and ears and temple,  
With extemporaneous turban,  
Loss of beaver hat replaces.

Bravo! Bravo! I have conquered;  
Here's the approach up to the house leads;

Rain, wind, fall, don't bat, turn trowsers,

I despise you!—there's my Truelove!

There, she's at the window standing—  
To the door she flies to meet me—  
Never in sunshiny weather  
Had we half so pleasant meeting.

First she laughed, and then she made me  
Ten times over tell my story,  
As she heaped the fire with billets,  
And set down tea, wine and sweetmeats.

And she looked so kindly on me,  
And so called me her Leander;  
As she chid me for persisting  
To come on despite the weather,

That as I sat there beside her,  
Drying my wet clothes, and sipping  
The hot tea that her own dear self  
Made, poured out, and handed to me,

I could not but pray in secret  
I might always get a drenching,  
Lose my hat, and tear my trowsers  
On my way to see my Truelove.

## AMERICAN LADYSHIP, ETC.

To the Editor of the Saturday Press:

You need not trouble yourself further about the question of American Ladyship, for it is practically settled here. I was helping Mrs. Hale take care of her sick child, so I could not attend Rev. Mr. Hyde's call \* even had you decided it proper. But knowing your interest in true religion, I want to tell you how the good work goes on here.

The meeting was well attended, my sister tells me; some thinking if they stayed at home they might be reckoned among the *laboring classes*. I know not what they will think of me, but husband says it is not of the slightest consequence what they think. But I am glad for one that this question is settled here, and to know who is who; and hope not to be wanting in respect to my betters, if they be such.

My sister says they have funny notions of ladyship, and she should regard the whole thing as a farce, if she did not know Mr. Hyde to be an earnest man. She knows much more about our "best society" here than I do, as she does much of their sewing with her machine. When the "ladies" come with their work, they seem glad to throw off the restraint of their position, and chat about themselves and their neighbors. She says they scandalize each other terribly. It is very wrong for members of the same communion to do so. Some of them are frank enough to own their weariness of the slavery of fashion, and sigh for the simplicity and healthfulness of a retired life. One mother says, "If I could have reared my children in some secluded hovel, my son would not have ruined himself and us in Wall street." Another mourns over the wedded misery of her daughters, both of whose husbands have become sots. Another prays that her husband may restore the tens of thousands that he took by his failure from the widows and orphans who confided in him. She says the look of every poor person reproaches her. Others are more hardened. One is reticent about the death of her husband's first wife; another is fearful of her first husband's escape from Sing-Sing, and his unravelling the A call for the "ladies" of the congregation to do something for the "laboring classes." See last week's *Saturday Press*.



plot that placed him there and gave her a chance to marry her present husband. Another, who stooped to marry privately her father's office-boy, never mentions her first born, who was born in a country farm-house where, perhaps, it died. Another tells how happy her life was behind the shop counter. Another says she enjoyed herself better in a smock frock, driving a team of oxen in an overland emigrant train to California than being driven now by a lackey in livery.

My sister knows well the grocer's wife, a witty woman, who amuses her with the view of our best society, which her husband gets from behind his counter. She suggests that Mr. Hyde call a meeting of the "laboring classes" to evangelize our "idlesse" as she calls them. She thinks our fishermen, carpenters and sail-makers, not having become corrupted by riches, would make as good apostles now as those did in olden times. (Our rector once sold papers on the cars.) She says she would like to be one of the committee to visit some of her husband's stylish customers. Her first scripture quotation would be "Owe no man anything."

But, Mr. Editor, I know you are disgusted with such a gossip as my sister is. Let me finish telling you about Mr. Hyde's meeting which she attended. She says if he calls a meeting of the "laboring class" to evangelize our "idlesse," she will try to attend that too, as she will not be understood as endorsing any snobbish distinction of classes; that the Adam's blood in her veins will not permit it, to say nothing of her religious principles, which will not allow her to respect apparel simply.

The meeting was, as I said, well attended, the ladies in their Sunday attire, that there might be no mistaking their position. For a description of that, I refer you to the paper published in our village. Its editor has visited the fashionable resorts, and says we have toilettes here equal to anything he ever saw there; and not being willing to ignore native merit, described some of our leading "idlesse." See his notes last week upon Miss E—Mrs. M—, Miss S—, Miss N—, and Mrs. T—. He says, "as they swept up the aisles with rustling silks, waving plumes, and sparkling gems, they seemed angels, full-fledged for heavenward flight." (The grocer's wife wonders if the latest fashion is the present style in heaven. She thinks plain sacks at least, if not sack-cloth, more appropriate for sinners at church.)

Well, at the meeting, Mr. Hyde detailed the shocking condition of the laboring classes; many never entering the church, though living within sound of its bell. His "evening class," too, for "laboring men and women" was poorly attended. There was certainly room enough for them in the church at the afternoon service when nearly every pew was empty. (The "idlesse" only attend in the morning), and he had publicly invited and exhorted all that "labor," no matter how poor, to attend. Nothing but natural depravity kept them away—and some means must be tried to overcome this. I cannot detail all that was said; some thought that enough had been done for such ingrates; that they deserved to go to h—, etc.

It was finally decided to try the effect of Bibles and cheap groceries, and a committee

of ladies was appointed, (whose initials I have given above) to distribute these and report the results.

The grocer's wife says they never shall convert her by such cheap means; that a stylish outfit might perhaps make her serious enough to attend church, but only a cottage and carriage could fully convert her. When they call on her, she means to tell them to tell all they have and give to the poor, as Christ told the young man, and she is sure that will give all the "laboring class" cottages and carriages at least. She advises all to be obstinate until they can get these; that if these ladies are really in earnest they will finally come to it.

My sister laughs at this wicked badinage, and says she means nothing bad: that there is not a more tender-hearted loving person in the world; that she has no religion to speak of, but would share a last crust with the needy; and foolishly allows the superciliousness and pretension of others to influence her against the church. My sister tells her that she cannot believe Mr. Hyde at heart a snob—that no consistent Christian can be. She says that probably finding his preaching for years had not subdued the pride, vanity and malice of his congregation, and knowing on what dangerous ground the rich stand, and how hard it is for them to enter the kingdom of heaven, he intends to lead them by this new movement among the lowly Christians, and let them see how the blessed principles of the gospel are suited to this condition, and thereby persuade them to lay aside the silly pretension of superiority, and confess the common brotherhood of man in Christ.

Hoping for the best,

I remain,

N. E.

(For the Saturday Press)

## HOW TO PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

As every one has a plan for relieving the country from pecuniary embarrassment, and as you would not like to be considered behind your compeers, either in planning or in patriotism, I submit the following Considerations with System attached.

There is a tide in the affairs of men—you know the rest—and of nations as well. By seizing it at its flood in the present crisis, greenbacks will flow out of the pockets of *Pater familias* into the coffers of Uncle Sam through the caprices of Uncle Sam's nieces.

The flood in this case is the resistless one of Fashion—Fashion the Omnipotent! the arbitrator not alone of feminine destinies, but of the destinies of men and of nations.

Having done her uttermost to make her favorites and followers represent immense money values by jewels, laces, fabrics, feathers, flowers, and all manner of fixings, she at last set her trade-mark and her seal on her perfected work, and that trade-mark, and that seal is—Coins! Coins!

The semblances of coins are in almost all cases preferred to the coins themselves—they are invariably fresher and lighter. This is particularly the case with the antique currency, which is ponderous and considerably the worse for the wear and tear of circulation. Some of the coins, especially those worn for fringes on the French beauty veils, are as thin as gold

leaf. In some cases they are made of the pure metal, in others plated.

The taste and ingenuity of the French people have worked this rather unusual and prosaic material up into a variety of forms, designs, and devices—circles, squares, triangles, hearts, crosses, crescents, and chains being the most popular.

Its use has not been confined to necklaces, bracelets, brooches and buttons, as at first, but has entered into the manufacture of flowers, the spangling of bonnets, making up of coiffures, the embroidering of mantles, and opera cloaks, the covering of corslets, till the latter appeared like the plaited mail of a Roman sentinel, though it yielded to the touch as it should while a woman—and a French woman at that—was the wearer.

The wearing of coins for ornaments is not new, *au contraire*, it is decidedly aboriginal, but has been so long out of style as to have left no trace in the memories of the most uncertain-aged belles. By the way, what astonishing short memories these creatures have; they never remember a style of seven years back. But Phoenix-like, from the ashes of ages arises the coin mania. France to her very centre shook as her daughters were seized with the phrensy. Wildly they danced to the music of coin castanets, and the clanking of coin-linked chains, and the gay accompaniment of tiny coin-wrought pendants. But it will soon work itself out there, and—if the cholera don't prevent it by setting up pre-emption claims—it will come to America and flourish as on native soil.

So much for the situation and considerations, by the way, and now for an exposition of our system. N. B. Country editors and trans-Atlantic publishers are cautioned against plagiarism.

We would suggest that the United States Government issue a new coin for the express purpose of paying off the national debt.

Let it be known as the National Debt Issue.

That no more be issued than will pay off the debt and the interest thereof, and cover the cost of the issue.

That it will not be taken for duties, nor be considered legal tender.

That it be gotten up well—that the metal of its kind be good, the designs be appropriate, and the execution elegant and artistic.

That the artists be paid for this work.

That counterfeiters of the National Debt Currency be dealt with according to the severest penalty of the law.

That the distinguishing feature of all denominations of the National Debt Coin be a circle of small holes just inside the edge, affording facilities for making them up into articles of *vertu*, of ornament, and of use.

That they be issued in denominations to correspond with fractional currency—from one cent upwards—that the little girls may have a chance to express their patriotism, taste, and ingenuity.

That there be none issued higher than five dollars—so that they who can afford to sport a five-dollar coin in a ring or a cane-head, may not feel mortified that it is not a fifty or a five hundred dollar one; whereas, he or she who can afford, and wishes to invest fifty or five hundred in National Debt coin may have it in five dollar pieces worked up into cigar-



cases, reticules, watch-chains, pocket-books, shirt-studs, and so forth.

That it be a part of the training in public schools to teach girls how to make up articles from the National Debt Coin.

That our fashion-books, magazines, and "work-table manuals," instead of giving directions for the perpetuation of horrid "dorgs" and nondescript "purps," in crochet and worsted-work, give directions for the making up of picture-frames, vases, baskets, cornucopias, and other articles for Christmas and bridal presents and for bazaars and fairs.

*Par example:*

Directions for Making Octagon-Shaped Parlor-Mantle Match-Box:

Materials—Eight silver five dollar National Debt coins; thirty-two one dollar gold N. D. C.; thirty-two silver two dollar N. D. C., and one roll of copper wire, No. 7.

Take a V. N. D. C., and weave around it, at equal distances, four one dollar N. D. C.s, and so forth—and so on to the end of the chapter.

BAGATELLE.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

### ODE TO A MOSQUITO.

BY A DENIZEN OF THE SOUTH-END, BOSTON.

O thou carniverous insect,  
Who art so fond of human blood,  
Whence thy mordacious mood  
And thy maleficent manners?  
What disposition bloody  
Places you in antagonism  
With the human family?  
What marvellous control of muscles  
Enables you to dodge blows  
So often at you aimed?  
Whence that peaked bill,  
More sharper than a serpent's fang,  
Which you use to suck with?  
What shape is it,  
And what is it made of?  
Your head is very small,—  
What space is in it  
For brains,—  
So that you can think,  
And calculate, and manage  
To get a living?  
Do you ever expect  
To strike ile, O persistent bore?  
Tell me, O, six-legged torment,  
Whence that buzzing noise  
Which sounds like Old Boreas  
Reduced to his lowest terms!  
O, infinitesimal bird,  
Hast thou glaring eyeballs  
Like the Numidian lion?  
Have they speculation, which Banquo's hadn't,  
And winks  
To keep out the dust?  
Why was it not ordained  
That when full of blood  
You should bust, and there an end;  
Instead of digesting it, and being  
A breeder of sinners?  
Why was you born  
Any way?  
Every body hates you,  
Except small birds—  
Avaunt, cannibal  
And let me go to sleep!

The human heart instinctively loves every thing that is beautiful; but in this world how many brilliant flowers do we find, which please our eye, and nevertheless are utterly destitute of any sweet or agreeable perfume!

### LITERARY HONESTY.

[We respectfully commend the following article from the London SATURDAY REVIEW to the attention of Professor Draper, author of the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," and other works.]—Ed. SAT. PRESS.

There is a complaint somewhere made by Niebuhr, and which Arnold confirms—or, in the language of our times, endorses—against certain scholars who made free in an undue manner with the references of other scholars. A man would take the references at the bottom of another man's page, verify them, and then transfer them to the bottom of his own page, just as if he had found them out for himself. We suppose that every one will agree with Niebuhr and Arnold that to do this is utterly dishonest—that a man has no more right to steal his neighbor's references than to steal any other thing that is his. To be sure Niebuhr and Arnold have, in these strictures, by no means hit upon the lowest depth of literary dishonesty. The people whom they censured did at least verify the references which they stole. That is to say, though they had not morality enough to keep them from stealing, they had at least sense enough to find out whether what they stole was worth stealing. Their censors probably did not think of a lower class of sinners, who steal references without verifying them at all, very likely without being able to verify them. Or, perhaps, to say that they steal references is doing them too much honor; it would be more accurate to say that they steal the names of authors whom they never read, and whose names perhaps they learn only from the authors from whom they steal them.

There is indeed another class, who openly invent statements and father them upon real authors, and then go on not only to invent other statements, but to invent imaginary authors from whom they profess to have borrowed them. Such are the inventors of the pedigree of Coulthard of that ilk, with their references to Tacitus, Bæda, and other authors known and unknown. But this is a direct practising on the ignorance of the public on which we fancy that comparatively few can venture. We are rather speaking of people who have no intention of deceiving anybody as far as the matter of their statements goes, but who either distinctly wish to gain credit for more learning than they possess, or, as we suspect is the case with a great many, who are simply careless about the matter, and who copy one from the other without stopping to think for a moment whether they are acting honestly or not in so copying.

Let us take two famous instances, one of which we must confess that we have made no attempt to verify for ourselves. Gilbert White complains of certain naturalists who, copying one from the other, libellously represented Aristotle as saying that goats breathed through their ears. The truth is that Aristotle said the exact contrary, rebuking Alemaon for making so strange an assertion about the goats. Then again, there is the famous case of St. Eligius, shown up by Dr. Maitland. Every one must have seen or heard some triumphant Protestant crow over St. Eligius' exposition of the Whole Duty of a Christian Man, consisting in paying tithe and discharging a few ritual observances. Even Mr. Hallam fell into the trap, though he had the mag-

nanimity to put himself to open penance in a later edition—a good example which we believe that smaller offenders did not think it necessary to follow. The truth is that St. Eligius did mention certain formal observances as binding on a good Christian, but that he also enlarged at much greater length on those moral and religious duties about which all Christians agree. Mosheim picked up so much as suited his purpose of depreciation, but he had the decency to leave some marks of omission. His English translator left out the marks of omission, and Robertson—who is still read at Oxford—and a host of others copied one from the other, till poor St. Eligius was made to give a description of a perfect Christian as little like what he intended to give as the statement about the goats breathing through their ears was like the real meaning of Aristotle.

These are two specially bad cases, because in each of them somebody, be it Aristotle or be it Eligius, is misrepresented and held up to unjust contempt. But it is only the common way; one man copies from another, without ever thinking of searching whether these things are so. Robertson, indeed, we must acquit of the grossest form of dishonesty, because he distinctly says that he borrowed the passage from Mosheim or Mosheim's translator. But we cannot acquit him of gross idleness and carelessness in being satisfied with translations and extracts, instead of going to the Latin text of Eligius (or as he blunderingly calls him *Egidius*) for himself.

We suspect that this sort of carelessness is much more common than deliberate misrepresentation. But it is a sort of carelessness which, though we acquit it of the grossest form of dishonesty, is still distinctly dishonest. It is like the act of a medical man who has no sort of wish to kill his patient, but who, through idleness, carelessness, or culpable ignorance, does not take the proper means to keep his patient alive. We acquit Robertson of the wilful murder of Eligius' reputation, but we undoubtingly convict him of manslaughter. We are not sure whether Dr. White, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, who transcribes Mosheim's extracts, leaving out all the signs of omission, might not be condemned for wilful murder. And in truth this is the way in which most of our popular history is written. Among the blind the one-eyed man is king; and Niebuhr's man who verified the references and then passed them off as his own would, in such company, appear as a model not only of research, but of honesty. The truth is that people seem not to understand that honesty, any more than accuracy, has anything to do with the matter. They copy and copy without a thought that anything besides copying is possible. As it does not come into their heads to inquire whether the actors of history really did the acts which they are made out to have done, still less does it come into their heads to inquire when the writers of history really wrote what they are made out to have written.

It is curious that the people who play these tricks should in any way present a likeness to the class of writers on whom their tricks are most commonly played. We have often had occasion to point out how utterly unknown the idea of literary property was to the chroniclers of the middle ages. Every mediæval



writer did not copy, because in some cases the form of their works hindered much copying. William of Malmesbury, we have no doubt, incorporated the matter of a great many ballads in his history, but the peculiar form of his work hindered him from largely copying the text of any earlier Latin prose writer. So, when a man wrote a distinct monograph of events of which he was an eye-witness—an Itinerary of King Richard or a history of the Emperor Frederick—his work was necessarily his own. But the authors of chronicles in the shape of chronicles copied without scruple—good writers no less than bad ones, a brilliant narrator like Matthew Paris no less than a dull copyist like Thomas Walsingham. He wanted his chronicle for use, for his own use or for that of his brethren. For times before his own, he copied any earlier chronicle that he approved of, correcting, omitting, adding, just as he pleased—sometimes, as in the case of Matthew Paris dealing with Roger of Wendover, translating the narrative from one vein of political sentiment to another. It was only when he came down to his own time and spoke as a contemporary that he thought it at all necessary to draw wholly from his own stores. So with translations; we have seen that king Alfred himself was anything but a faithful translator; in translating Boethius and Orosius, he improved Boethius and Orosius whenever he thought he could make them serve better to edification. In short, no one scrupled to copy if it served his purpose, and an able and earnest writer was more likely to copy unfaithfully, if we are to use such an expression, than a stupid writer.

This sort of feeling could hardly survive the invention of printing. During the days of manuscripts, it was natural enough when applied to the class of writings to which it was mainly applied. Even then, men, at least honest men, did not pilfer from writings which clearly were some man's special property. Poems or histories or letters, whose form or matter showed them to be distinctly a man's own, were respected even then. But a chronicle seemed to be common property, written for common use; and if it suited the general purpose of a later chronicler, why should he take the trouble to put the whole of the same matter into other words? If he thought he could improve upon it in detail, why should he forbear to do so? The position of the transcriber, when he was himself an author and not a mere professional scribe, would constantly tempt him to deal with his predecessors in this way. A chronicle which he had picked out from among others and copied with his own hand he might seem to have some right in as well as the original author. Every copy was a distinct edition, the result of distinct and considerable labor. The man who had done all this might not unreasonably claim the right at once to appropriate and to improve. There were no reviews in which he might either suggest his own improvements or be censured for his plagiarisms. When a man formed his library with his own hand, and had no way of criticising his predecessors but by bodily altering their texts, it is no wonder that ideas of literary property were wholly different from what they are now.

Printing naturally changed all this, and if a modern historian treated an earlier writer as Matthew Paris treated Roger of Wendover,

he would be rightly looked on as having reached the summit of literary dishonesty. To print another man's history or poem as your own, to repeat another man's speech as your own on a great national occasion, are pranks which few men would venture to play now-a-days. Perhaps no one under the rank of leader of a Conservative Opposition would dare to run such a risk. People no longer appropriate other men's writings whole—not even with improvements which they may fondly think render them their own.

Serjeant Stephen, indeed, puts in the same volume and the same page large portions of Blackstone's Commentaries and large portions of his own. Physically, this is much the same as Matthew Paris's treatment of Roger of Wendover. But the likeness is only physical. Matthew's readers had no means of knowing how much he had composed himself and how much he had merely copied, but a man must be very stupid who, with the help that is given him, can confound a paragraph of Stephen with a paragraph of Blackstone. You are told, at the beginning of the book, on what principle it is put together, and the original and the borrowed portions are carefully distinguished by those typographical marks which Matthew had not at his command.

There is nothing in Serjeant Stephen's way of dealing with Blackstone which is other than honest and straightforward, and we never heard that any one found fault with him for it. But, with a curious analogy to the case of the mediæval chronicles, it is only with books of a certain class that such an arrangement could be tolerated—namely, with those where sound and trustworthy information is all that is wanted. It does perfectly well for a law-book, but no one would be satisfied with a poem, a history, or a philosophical treatise put together on such a principle. Still there is the great difference that in the modern case the union of borrowed and original matter is distinctly and repeatedly acknowledged, while in the mediæval case it is either not acknowledged at all, or acknowledged in such a way as not to call constant attention to it.

In fact, it very seldom happens that a modern writer ventures to transfer large portions of another man's writings to his own pages without acknowledgment. Such doings would be at once found out and at once scouted. But many people do what is practically as bad—sometimes, one cannot help thinking, consciously, but very often from sheer incapacity to discern between right and wrong in the matter. The grossest case which we remember for a good while past is the way in which Dr. Doran and the Duke of Manchester took to themselves so much as seemed good to them of the labors of Mr. Bergenroth, and dismissed Mr. Bergenroth with a single patronizing mention of his name. The people of whom Niebuhr complained were very small sinners compared with such Anakim as these. The temptation to their offence is often very strong. No one can object to their using modern writers as guides and indexes to ancient authorities; it is in fact one of their most important uses. Blessed be the modern writer—Dean Milman for instance—whose writings can so be used; and, did not the memory of Sir Francis Palgrave hinder us, we should add, cursed be the modern writer who does not give us the power of so using them. You

have seen an account of such or such a matter in some ancient writer, but you are not quite certain in which of several it was, or, if you remember the writer, you cannot at once put your finger on chapter and verse. Turn to the place where the subject is treated of by a modern writer who does his duty, a Thirlwall or a Lappenberg, and you are at once sent to the right place. A reference got at in this way is surely your own reference; the modern writer has at most only refreshed your memory. But suppose that, along with such a reference, you find another equally apposite, from an author whom you have not read, or whom at any rate you have utterly forgotten. It is a strong temptation to transfer both references alike to your own pages. But honesty distinctly forbids it in the latter case. You may make use of the passage and the information which it conveys, but you must distinctly show in some way or other, that it was Dr. Milman or Dr. Lappenberg who sent you to the passage. How far it may be allowable to cover your obligation by taking that moment either to agree with or to differ from the views of the old writer is another matter. But anyhow the name of your benefactor must appear.

The whole morality of the matter involves the existence and the use of original writers. But while so many people never look at an original writer, and can hardly be persuaded that original writers exist, it is not wonderful if designing and daring persons—Dukes, Doctors, or others, as may happen—take advantage of the carelessness of the public to deck themselves in the borrowed plumes of their betters.

## ROMANCE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oh! she was a maid of a laughing eye,  
And she lived in a garret cold and high;  
And he was a threadbare whiskered beau,  
And he lived in a cellar damp and low.

But the rosy boy of the cherub wing  
Hath many a shaft for his slender string;  
And the youth below and the maid above  
Were touched with the flaming darts of love.

And she would wake from her troubled sleep,  
O'er his tender billet-doux to weep;  
Or stand like a statue cold and fair,  
And gaze on a lock of his bright red hair.

And he who was late so tall and proud,  
With his step so firm and his laugh so loud;  
His beard grew long and his face grew thin,  
And he pined in solitude over his gin.

But one soft night in the month of June,  
As she lay in the light of a cloudless moon,  
A voice came floating soft and clear,  
To the startled maiden's listening ear.

O then from her creaking couch she sprang,  
And her tangled tresses back she flung;  
She looked from the window far below,  
And he stood beneath—her whiskered beau!

She did not start with a foolish frown,  
But she packed her trunk, and she scamper'd down;  
And there was her lover tall and true,  
In his threadbare coat of the brightest blue.

The star that rose in the evening shade  
Looked sadly down on a weeping maid;  
The sun that came in his morning pride  
Shed golden light on a laughing bride.



## THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

CLIPPING FOR THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.  
HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1863.

## WHAT THE NEW YORK PAPERS SAY.

From the N. Y. Times, Aug. 9.  
The SATURDAY PRESS, whose pages in days gone by were filled with wit and wealth of humor, is revived. Mr. Clapp's hand is still firm on the helm, and his bark has bounded healthily among the currents of the literary sea. The paper has changed form, but is improved; of pleasant shape and size, filled with good things, it is welcome to our table. Its first number was excellent, its promises are flattering, and we have no doubt of its entire success.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 5.  
Among the best weeklies of this city, a few years ago, was THE SATURDAY PRESS, edited and published by Henry Clapp, Jr. Able, peevish, and of a high literary tone, it had fewer readers than it deserved, though it stopped, we believe, because its editor was called to a more profitable avocation, rather than the want of sufficient support. It is, we believe, about to be renewed under favorable auspices by Mr. Clapp. The paper will be a fast competitor, in the race of the lively city weeklies.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, Aug. 5.  
Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., has revived the SATURDAY PRESS, and issued the first number to-day. Those who remember (and who does not?) this journal, with its trenchant and independent criticism, its able literary articles, its manly notices of art and the drama, and its fearless exposure of all sorts of shams, will welcome it again and bid it God speed to a long and eventful life.

From the N. Y. Evening Post, Aug. 5.  
Mr. Clapp has chosen an auspicious time for the revival of the SATURDAY PRESS, a paper, which, during its former period of existence, was the most witty and brilliant of our weeklies, and promises, in this first number of the new series, to be even better than before. If anything can help us to forget the hot weather, the present number of the SATURDAY PRESS, issued to-day, will be thus helpful. The SATURDAY PRESS was formerly a sheet of four pages; it now contains sixteen, is well printed, and is sold for the very reasonable price of six cents.

From the Home Journal, Aug. 26.  
The SATURDAY PRESS has been revived, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., (its former editor,) a theatrical critic of long standing, and well known to the public by the sobriquet of "Figaro." Judging from the initial copies, we have every reason to predict a prosperous career for Mr. Clapp's undertaking. So far the articles have been witty and less weighty than those of other contemporaries which have recently appeared as candidates for public patronage. It would seem that the editor favors the "feuilleton" system. If talent, business capacity, and a host of friends can stimulate the circulation of a new periodical, Mr. Clapp's paper will be a success.

Reports of new railroad massacres come to us every hour. The poor fool who attempted to commit suicide on one of the trains the other day, should have kept on travelling, and bided his time. If we were in a hurry to "quit the surface of the earth," we should buy a railroad ticket at once. The imaginary "Underground Railroad" has given way to a literal one, which insures to us the swiftest and surest passage to the grave.

Neighbor GREELEY of the TRIBUNE having written letters to all the white people he knows of, has now taken in hand the colored population. This will employ his leisure hours for some time, especially if his colored brethren begin to reply. This mania for writing letters has beset GREELEY all his life. His collected correspondence would make a library of itself. Whenever we see the signature "H. G." in the TRIBUNE it makes us tremble.

The long and illustrious list of authors advertised to contribute to THE NATION not having put in an appearance as yet, one of its disappointed subscribers suggests that the paper be called, hereafter, THE HALLUCINATION.

On re-establishing THE SATURDAY PRESS, of course, followed the example of our contemporaries, and sent a large corps of correspondents to the South.

They were instructed to see everything they could and report everything they saw.

In case the result of their observations was in accordance with our views, their pay was to have been \$100 a week and expenses.

In the other case, they were to have been paid fifty per cent. less.

Strangely enough, their report coincides in every particular with what we have been saying ever since the war.

In fact, the letters they have sent us (a hundred and twenty-two in number) might have been written word for word in this office.

We have accordingly recalled the whole corps, and shall set them to work writing letters from London, Paris, etc., to see if these, too, may not as well be written in New York, (after the HERALD fashion,) as from the places where they will be dated.

Meanwhile, not having space to print the hundred and twenty-two closely written letters written for us at the South, we may as well give an extract of their contents.

It will be found that our correspondents report substantially what has been reported by the correspondents of the leading papers, which makes it probable that what they write is correct.

Some idea of the care and conscientiousness of these correspondents may be formed from the fact that they never wrote about the condition of things in any state without spending at least a day in some one of its principal cities and conversing with every body they met in any bar-room or hotel.

And now for the result of their investigations.

It appears,

1. That the people of the South concede, with scarcely an exception, that the war is over.

2. That some of them are highly satisfied with this fact, and that others of them are not.

3. That among the dissatisfied there are more women than men.

4. That it is pretty generally conceded by both sexes that slavery is abolished.

5. That there is equal unanimity of opinion that the "peculiar institution" will not be re-established.

6. That the negroes prefer not to work when they can help it, and never to work without being paid.

7. That the mulattos, quadroons, octoroons, etc., are not so black as the negroes, and are more disinclined to work.

8. That there are not so many rich planters as there were, and consequently there are more poor ones.

9. That the crops at the South were less during the war than before.

10. That this has diminished the wealth of the South.

11. That, as a result of the number of people killed in the war, the population has slightly decreased.

12. That a good many Northerners have recently gone South and that their object is to make money.

13. That the general condition of things is mixed.

14. That at all the local elections Southerners who vote persist in voting for people whom they like.

15 (and finally). That it will be some time at least before things look as well at the South as they did before the war.

We regret, of course, that we cannot print the letters containing all this valuable information; but we think soon of increasing the size of our paper to some thirty-two pages, and in that case shall furnish our readers with such matter in abundance.

Meanwhile, we are rejoiced to find that our correspondents have done their work so faithfully and do not at all regret the expense we have incurred in sending such an intelligent and conscientious corps of men into a region of the country from which full and impartial reports are so desirable.

We have only to add that should any of our contemporaries—daily or weekly—desire the correspondence of which we have given so brief an abstract, they can have it, on applying at our office, for half price.

The bargain, we are sure, would be a good one, on our side at least, and the sooner it is made, if at all, the better to all whom it may concern.

— Mr. Charles D. Gardette of Philadelphia, is now resident in this city. He has taken private rooms for which he pays so much a week,—the exact amount his landlady refuses to tell us. The report that he is at work on a "Life of R. Shelton Mackenzie" is not correct: neither is he about to start a new comic paper. His principal occupation at present, is revising an edition of his war-poems.

The Fenians are obtaining a foothold in Dublin, and there is some prospect, therefore, that the beautiful city will soon be "governed by the Irish." Our Dublin friends who have visited New York and seen how splendidly the Irish govern here must be delighted.

Our city politicians are greatly alarmed at the appearance in the west of a "hog-epidemic." They are naturally anxious lest it should reach New York. Who knows but that they will now be stimulated into doing something toward cleaning our streets?

Our city subscribers will confer a favor by reporting any carrier who delivers the paper regularly.



The papers of this week report again that "the monster balloon called the United States continues to be inflated every day." It is also stated, in the same connection, that a good many people have "gone up," and still more are going.

—A correspondent has sent us a sentimental song about the Atlantic Cable, beginning

"That strain again."

We decline printing it on the ground that it is too matter of fact.

KETCHUM and JENKINS are to be put on trial on the first Monday in October. We'll lay a small cable that neither of them will be convicted in six months.

CHURCH the artist is said to be engaged painting a "Waterfall" which recently attracted his attention on Broadway.

BIERSTADT the mammoth landscape-painter is reported to have suspended operations on account of the high price of canvas.

—It is said that Buchanan Read, whom we have already alluded to, is about to have his name changed to Sheridan Ride.

PALMER the sculptor is about to add to his collection of "Marbles" a bust of the editor of THE WORLD.

WANTED.—A new "Johnson's Dictionary" to enable to understand the President's recent speeches.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE—Play'd out because not pay'd out.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE NEW STYLE OF LADIES' HAT.—Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

#### DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

If I could earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, Mr. Editor, I should have accumulated leaves enough this week to make myself the greatest loafer in town.

And yet the almanacs say it is September, and Mrs. Wood, of the Olympic, pretended on Thursday to open for the "Fall Season."

And what a Fall was there, my countrymen! It was like,

—another Fall of man.

Ay, and of woman, too, more than one of the dear sex having fallen to the floor in a fainting fit.

If I had had the same excuse of sex, and there had been a handsome cavalier by, I believe I should have done something of the kind myself.

As it was, I remained perfectly quiet, and gave up the evening to perspiration.

I had done the same thing two nights at Irving Hall, and one at the Academy of Music without going out to "take the air" (that's what we call it now) more than half a dozen times in either case.

And then, again, I had perspired through an afternoon exhibition of the frogs at Dodworth Hall (who couldn't stand it themselves but three days), and nearly a whole forenoon at Barnum's.

In the words of the lamented JACKSON, "my sufferings was intolerable"—but so, let me hasten to say, were my delights.

You see, in this hot weather, one is too lazy to criticise, and too languid to care for excitement.

So that if things go on smoothly, and the house is not too crowded, and the entertainment is not too long, and we have a chance for ice-creams and what not at the close, we all go away satisfied, and are nearly as happy as if we had staid at home.

Well, things have gone on smoothly this week—the houses (except at Hermann's wizard show at the Academy) have not been overcrowded—the entertainments have not gone on the principle that "art is long"—and as for the ice creams and what not (especially the what not) I doubt if they have ever been indulged in more freely.

The most elegant of the week's entertainments (with all respect to the HERALD which, since MARETZK has withdrawn his advertisements from its columns has discovered that no music is worth listening to except that of the Concert Saloons) have been the "BATEMAN CONCERTS" at Irving Hall.

And yet BATEMAN doesn't sing a single song; he reminds me of NAPOLEON when he said that he didn't dance any more himself but "made other people dance," which I rather think he did!

I can remember, though, when BATEMAN did sing and when some of us (I'd appeal to dear NED WILKINS if he were living) used to have a right merry time hearing him.

I wonder by the way, if he ever thought in those times that some day he would turn up as an impresario!

I rather think not, for it was in the days of the dear "children."

But here he is, though, a right merry impresario, with the best prima donna in his troupe that has sung in America since JENNY LIND.

Yes, and her success bids fair to be equal to that of JENNY LIND, whom, in purity of voice and brilliance of style, she strongly reminds us of.

She is not quite so much of a "nightingale," perhaps, but she is more of a woman—and her large womanly nature (here, now, is a chance for the critics to throw up their hands) breaks forth in her song, and gives to it a charm which I remember in scarcely any other singer.

I predict, therefore, that Mdlle. PAREPA will have a grand success in every part of the country, and that before she leaves us she will have a chance to appear in Opera, and will achieve her crowning triumph at the Academy.

The enthusiasm which she excites at her concerts surpasses any thing I have seen in New York.

But why not, when she created such a furore in London, where she had to compete with the first singers in the world.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, BATEMAN is no chicken. If he promises you a great thing you are pretty sure to have it.

This is not a very elegant way of stating the case, but it expresses what I mean; and, with the thermometer at 90, you musn't ask any more.

You musn't even ask me what I think of his choice in the matter of a violinist and a pianist.

I should decline to reply, even if you did, and cover my retreat by saying that he has an all but perfect orchestra, which, under the direction of THEODORE THOMAS, discourses such

sweet sounds (there's an original expression for you) that if the critical audience at Irving Hall had nothing else to listen to, they would be content.

So much for the "Bateman Concerts," of which more, however, when we have a little let up—or let down, rather—in the temperature.

In respect to the other amusements I am hardly cool enough to say anything.

The re-opening of the Olympic ought to provoke a remark or two, but when it is stated that the theatre is re-embellished throughout and enriched with a new drop curtain (Hayes fecit) and that the opening pieces were "The Captain of the Watch" and "Po-ca-hon-tas" nothing more can be said.

That the performance was in the main excellent—that Mrs. Wood had a triumphant reception—that her leading actors and actresses had the same—that during the evening the stage was strewn with spring vegetables (something too much of this)—and that everybody went home or wherever greatly delighted with all they had seen and heard, and resolved to come again and "have some more"—all this is simply a matter of course.

There will be nothing more to say until the management has time to give us something in the way of novelty.

The idea of writing about "Po-ca-hon-tas" or "The Captain of the Watch" at this late day is out of the question.

In fact, as you see, I am disposed to think it out of the question, to day, to write at all.

One person—yourself for instance—can lead a man to the inkstand, but not ten can make him write.

As a proof of this brilliant proposition I shall add nothing more to my present screed except that the Keans—whose engagement at the Broadway closes next Friday—will play in "The Stranger" this afternoon, and in "The Merchant of Venice" this evening; that following them, at the same theatre, we are to have Madame Celeste; that Wallack's theatre will re-open for the season next Monday with Tom Taylor's play, "The Serf"; that Clarke at the Winter Garden will continue to play in "Everybody's Friend," and "Toodles," till further notice; that Maretzek commences the rehearsal of his opening opera (Ione) next week; that the last two representations of "Arrah-na-Pogue," at Niblo's will take place this afternoon and evening; that the Ravens will open at the same house on Monday; and that I remain, in my usual flurry,

Yours, warmly,

FIGARO.

There is a report in town that Mrs. GRUNDY, —the last attempt at a weekly comic paper in this city,—will be discontinued after the forthcoming number. We are sincerely sorry to hear it.

The paper has certainly been deficient in broad humor, but in the way of delicate satire it has contained many excellent articles, while in several other respects—above all, its gentlemanly tone, and freedom from all vulgar personalities—it has been entitled from the first to much praise.

Mrs. GRUNDY was a very expensive paper to publish, and we incline to think that the proprietors who were over-sanguine at the start have now erred at the other extreme and become prematurely discouraged.



## BONDS AND MORTGAGES.

The prettiest girl in all this land  
I do believe in Norwich is,  
And it's said that whoever wins her hand  
Will be rich—in Bonds and Mortgages.  
Her father he died, as 'twas known he would,  
The richest of all the Aldriches,  
And the daughter she mourned as long as she could,  
—Considering the Bonds and Mortgages.

And this is the girl that I'm sighing for,  
Though judge of me what her knowledge is,  
When she thinks it's not *me* I am dying for,  
But only her Bonds and Mortgages!

And she says that I ought to blush for shame,  
And that my conduct very hoggish is,  
To ask a young maiden to change her name  
On account of her Bonds and Mortgages.

Moreover she vows she'll ne'er marry a man,  
Though he have all the lore of the colleges,  
Unless two dollars he has to her one  
Invested in Bonds and Mortgages.

And I know a rich bachelor who lives near by,  
And knows right well where his porridge is,  
Who vows that young lady he has in his eye,  
And will buy her with Bonds and Mortgages.

But I'll go to her now and, in language bold,  
Will tell her what love in a cottage is,  
And that the heart knows little of silver and gold,  
And nothing of Bonds and Mortgages.

—FIGARO.

## LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.

BY JOHN PHOENIX.

## LECTURE II.

## CHAPTER I.

## MARS.

This planet may be easily recognized by its bright, ruddy appearance, and its steady light. It resembles in size and color the stars Arcturus, in Boötes, and Antares, in Scorpio; but, as it is not like them, continually winking, we may consider it, in some respects, a body of superior gravity. Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mars is an oblate spheroid, with a diameter of 4,222 miles. It is seven times smaller than the Earth; its day is forty-four minutes longer than ours, and its year is equal to twenty-two and a half of our months. It receives from the sun only one half as much light and heat as the Earth, and has no moon; which, in some respects, may be considered a blessing, as the poets of Mars cannot be eternally writing sonnets on that subject. Mars takes its name from the God of War, who was considered the patron of soldiers, usually termed sons of Mars, though it was well remarked by some philosopher that they are generally sons of *pa's* also. Macauley, however, in his severe review of "Hanson's Life of the Rev. Eleazer Williams," remarks with great originality that "it is a wise child that knows its own father."

Mars is also the tutelary divinity of Fillibusters, and we are informed by several of the late troops of the late President William Walker, that this planet was of great use in guiding that potentate during his late nocturnal rambles through the late Republic of Sonora. The ruddy appearance of Mars is not attributed to his former bad habits, but to the great height of his atmosphere, which must be very favorable to the aeronauts of that region, where, doubtless, ballooning is the principal

method of locomotion. Upon the whole, Mars is but a cold and ill-conditioned planet, and if, as some persons believe, the souls of deceased soldiers are sent thither, there can be little inducement to die in service, unless, indeed, larger supplies of commissary whiskey and tobacco are to be found there than the present telescopic observations would lead us to believe.

## JUPITER.

This magnificent planet is the largest body, excepting the Sun, in the Solar System. "It may be readily distinguished from the fixed stars by its peculiar splendor and magnitude, appearing to the unclad eye, almost as resplendent as Venus, although it is more than seven times her distance from the Sun." Its day is but nine hours, fifty-five minutes and fifty seconds; but it has rather a lengthy year, equivalent to nearly twelve years of our time. It is about thirteen hundred times larger than the Earth.

In consequence of the rapid movement of Jupiter upon his axis, his form is that of an oblate spheroid, very considerably flattened at its poles, and the immense centrifugal force resulting from this movement (26,554 miles per hour), would, undoubtedly, have long since caused him to fly asunder, were it not for a wise provision of nature, which has caused enormous belts or hoops, to encircle his entire surface.

These hoops, usually termed belts, are plainly visible through the telescope. They are eight in number, and are supposed to be made of gutta percha, with an outer edge of No. 1 boiler iron. Owing to the great distance of Jupiter from the Sun, he receives but one twenty-seventh part of the light and heat that we do from that body. To preserve the great balance of Nature, it is therefore probable that the whales of Jupiter are twenty-seven times larger than ours, and that twenty-seven times as much cord-wood is cut on that planet as on the Earth.

The axis of Jupiter is perpendicular to the plane of its orbit; hence its climate has no variation of seasons in the same latitude. It has four moons, three of which may be readily discerned with an ordinary spy-glass. By observation on the eclipses of these satellites, the velocity of light has been measured, and we find that light is precisely eight minutes and thirteen seconds in coming to us from the Sun. According to the poet, "the light of other days" has a considerably slow motion. Jupiter, in the Heathen Mythology, was the King of the Gods. As there can be no doubt that, with the progress of time, advancement in liberal ideas, and a knowledge of the immortal principles of democracy, has obtained among these divinities, it is probable that he has long since been deposed, and his kingdom converted into a republic, over whose destinies, according to the well-known principles of availability, some one-eyed Cyclops, unknown to fame, has probably been elected to preside. His representative will, however, always remain King of the Planets, while such things as kings exist; after which he will become their undisputed president. Jupiter is the patron of Monarchs, Presidents and Senators. It is doubtful, however, whether he pays much attention to State Senators, or even continues his patronage to him of the Congressional body who fails to be re-elected,

although bent on being notorious, he may continue to vociferate that he "knows a hawk from a hand-saw," and was "not educated at West Point."

## SATURN.

Whoever, during the present year, has had his attention attracted by that beautiful group, the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, may have noticed near them, in the constellation Taurus, a star apparently of the first magnitude, shining with a peculiarly white light, and beaming down with a gentle, steady radiance upon the Earth. This is the beautiful planet Saturn, which, moving slowly at the rate of two minutes daily among the stars, may be readily traced from one constellation to another. Saturn is nearly nine hundred millions of miles from the Sun. His volume is eleven hundred times that of the Earth; and while his year is equivalent to twenty-nine and a half of ours, his day is shorter, by more than one-half. Receiving but one-nineteenth part of the light from the Sun that we do, it follows that the inhabitants of Saturn are not equally enlightened with us; and supposing them to be physically constituted as we are, stoves and cooking-ranges undoubtedly go off at a ready sale and pretty high figure among them. Saturn differs from all the other planets, in being surrounded by three rings, consecutive to each other, which shine by reflection from the Sun, with superior brilliancy to the planet itself. It is also attended by eight satellites. Many theories have been started to account for the rings of Saturn, but none of them are satisfactory. Our own opinion is that this planet was originally diversified, like the Earth, with continents of land and vast oceans of water. By the rapid motion of the planet upon its axis, the oceans were collected near the equatorial regions, whence by the immense centrifugal force, they were subsequently thrown clear from the surface, and remained revolving about the denser body, at that distance where the centrifugal force and the attraction of gravitation, from the other planets, were in equilibrio.

The ships floating on the surface of the waters at the time of this great convulsion, of course, went with them, and it is a most painful reflection to the humane mind, that their crews have undoubtedly long since perished, after maintaining for a while their miserably isolated existence on a precarious supply of fish.

It is a curious and interesting fact, much dwelt on in popular treatises on Astronomy, that were a cannon-ball fired from the Earth to Saturn, it would be one hundred and eighty years in getting there. The only useful deduction that we are able to make from this fact, however, is, that the inhabitants of Saturn, if warned of their danger by the sight of the flash or the sound of the explosion, would have ample opportunity in the course of the one hundred and eighty years, to dodge the shot!

Saturn was the father of all the Heathen Divinities, and we regret to say, was a most disreputable character. It will hardly be credited that he had a revolting habit of devouring his children shortly after their birth, and it was only by a pious deception of his wife, who furnished him with dogs, sheep, buffalo and the like, on these occasions, with assurances that they were his offspring, that Jupi-



ter and his brothers were preserved from their impending fate. A person of such a disposition could never be tolerated in a civilized community, and there is little doubt that if Saturn were a resident of the Earth at the present time, and should persist in his unpleasant practices, he would speedily be arrested and held to bail in a large amount.

## HERSCHEL.

We know little of this planet, except that with its six moons, it was discovered by Dr. Herschel, a native of the island of England (situated on the north-west coast of Europe), in 1781. It was named by him the "Georgium Sidus," as a tribute of respect to a miserable, blind, old lunatic, who at that time happened to be king of the Island. Overlooking the sycophancy of the man, in their admiration for the services of the astronomer, his philosophical contemporaries re-named the planet, Herschel, by which title it is still known. An attempt made by the courtiers of the English king to call it *Uranus* (a Latin expression, meaning "You reign over us,"), happily failed to succeed. Herschel is supposed to be about eighty times larger than the Earth, and to have a period of revolution of about eighty-four years, but its diurnal motion has not yet been discovered.

## NEPTUNE.

Was discovered by a French gentleman, named Le Verrier, in 1846. It is supposed to be about forty thousand miles in diameter, and to have a period of one hundred and sixty four years. But of this planet, and another still more remote from the Sun, lately discovered (to which the literati and savans of Europe propose to give the name of *Squibob*, a Hebrew word, signifying, "There you go with your eye out,"), we know little from actual observation. That they exist, there can be no doubt, and it is possible, to use the expressive language of a modern philosopher, "There are a few more of the same sort left" beyond them.

Neptune is the God of the Sea, an unpleasant element, full of disagreeable fish, horrible sea-lions, and equivocal serpents, the reflection on which, or some other reasons, generally makes every one sick who ventures upon it. He married a Miss Amphitrite, who, unlike sailors' wives in general, usually accompanies her husband on all his voyages. Neptune is the tutelary deity of seamen, who generally allude to him as "Davy Jones," and speak of the ocean as his "locker," (a locker indeed, in which untold thousands of their worn-out bones are bleaching), and on crossing the equinoctial line, it was formerly the custom among them to perform certain rites in his honor, which pagan ceremonial has gradually passed out of date.

## THE ASTEROIDS.

These are ten small planets, revolving about the Sun in different orbits, situated between those of Mars and Jupiter. They can seldom be seen without a powerful telescope; and are of no great importance when you see them. Our friend, Dr. Olbers, who paid much attention to these little bodies, is of the opinion that they are fragments of a large celestial sphere, which formerly revolved between Mars and Jupiter, and which, by some mighty internal convulsion, burst into pieces. With this opinion we coincide. What caused the explosion, how many lives were lost, and whether

blame could be attached to any one on account of it, are circumstances that we shall probably remain in as profound ignorance of as the unfortunate inhabitants of the planet found themselves after the occurrence. What purpose the Asteroids now serve in the great economy of the Universe, it is impossible to ascertain; it may be that they are reserved as receptacles for the departed souls of ruined merchants and broken brokers. As the Spaniard profoundly remarks, "*Quien Sabe?*"

## CHAPTER II.

## OF THE FIXED STARS.

For convenience of description, Astronomers have divided the entire surface of the heavens into numerous small tracts, called constellations, to which have been given names resulting from some real or fancied resemblance in the arrangement of the stars composing them, to the objects indicated. This resemblance is seldom very striking, but nomenclature is arbitrary, and it is, perhaps, quite as well to call a collection of stars that don't look at all like a scorpion, "The Scorpion," as to name an insignificant village, with two or three hundred inhabitants, a tavern, no church, and twenty-seven grog-shops, Rome, or Carthage. We once knew a couple of honest people, who named their eldest child (a singularly pug-nosed little girl), MADONNA, *Madonna Smith*—and that infant grew up and did well, and was lately married to a highly respectable young butcher.

A zone 16 degrees in breadth, extending quite around the heavens, 8 degrees on each side of the Ecliptic, is called Zodiac.

This zone is divided into twelve equal parts or constellations, which are sometimes called the Signs of the Zodiac. The following are the names of these constellations, in their regular order, and the number of visible stars contained in each:

|                      |                                  |     |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Aries.....        | <i>The Hydraulic Ram</i> .....   | 66  |
| 2. Taurus.....       | <i>The Irish Bull</i> .....      | 141 |
| 3. Gemini.....       | <i>The Siamese Twins</i> .....   | 85  |
| 4. Cancer.....       | <i>The Soft-Shell Crab</i> ..... | 53  |
| 5. Leo.....          | <i>The Dandy Lion</i> .....      | 95  |
| 6. Virgo.....        | <i>The Virago</i> .....          | 110 |
| 7. Libra.....        | <i>The Hay Scales</i> .....      | 51  |
| 8. Scorpio.....      | <i>The N. Y. Herald</i> .....    | 44  |
| 9. Sagittarius.....  | <i>The Sparrow</i> .....         | 60  |
| 10. Capricornus..... | <i>The Bishop</i> .....          | 51  |
| 11. Aquarius.....    | <i>The Decanter</i> .....        | 108 |
| 12. Pisces.....      | <i>The Sardines</i> .....        | 78  |

To discover the position of these several constellations it is merely necessary to have a starting point. On looking at the heavens during the month of April, and considering the stars therein intently, the observer will at length find six bright stars arranged exactly in the form of a sickle. A very bright star is at the extremity of the handle. This is the star Regulus in the constellation Leo. Then some 30 degrees further to the east, he will observe a very brilliant star, with no visible stars near it. This is Spica in the Virgin.

Still further east, rises Libra, distinguished by two rather bright stars forming a parallelogram, with two rather dim ones, followed by Scorpio, whose stars resemble in their arrangement a kite, with a tail to it, and in which a brilliant red star, named Antares, forms the centre. Then Sagittarius and Capricornus separately span 30 degrees; when rises Aquarius, in which the most careless observer will notice four stars, forming very plainly the letter Y. Pisces, a loose straggling succession

of stars, intervenes between this sign and that of Aries, which may be distinguished by two bright stars, about 4 degrees apart, the brightest to the north-east of the other. Taurus cannot be mistaken—it contains two remarkable clusters, the Pleiades and the Hyades; the latter forming a well-marked letter V, with the bright red star Aldebaran at the upper left-hand corner. Gemini contains two remarkably bright stars, Castor and Pollux; the former much the most brilliant and the more northerly of the pair; they are but 5 degrees apart. Then follows 30 degrees, including Cancer, which contains no remarkably brilliant stars, and we return to our starting point. In the month of September we would select as a starting point the star Antares, giving us the position of the Scorpion. Antares is of a remarkably red appearance, situated between, and equi-distant from, two other less brilliant stars with which it forms a curved line, which, extended by other stars, curve around at its extremity like the tail of a flying kite, or if you please, like the tail of a scorpion.

The fixed stars are classed according to their magnitude, first, second, third, fourth, fifth, etc.; the stars of the fifth magnitude being the smallest that can be seen by the unassisted eye. It is, by no means, our intention, in this course of lectures, to convey a complete and thorough knowledge of Uranography (we assure you, madam, that this word is in the dictionary); however great our ability or inclination, the limits prescribed us will not permit of it—we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief description of the principal constellations, trusting that the interest awakened in the minds of our numerous readers on the subject, by our remarks, may lead them to make it a study hereafter. For this purpose we would recommend as a suitable preparation a light course of reading, such, for instance, as "Church's Differential and Integral Calculus," to be followed by "Bartlett's Optics," and Gunner's Elements of Astronomy. After this, by close and unremitting study La Place, and other eminent writers, for twenty or thirty years, the reader, if of good natural ability, may acquire a superficial knowledge of the science.

"The Great Bear" (which is spelled *Be-ar* and has no reference whatever to Powers Greek Slave) is one of the most remarkable constellations in the heavens. We cannot imagine why it received its name, unless, indeed, because it has not the slightest resemblance to a great bear, or any other animal. It may be distinguished by means of a cluster of seven brilliant stars, arranged in the form of a dipper (not a *duck*, but a *tin* dipper). Of these the two forming the side of the dipper, farthest from the handle, are named, the lower *Mizar*, the upper *Dubhe*, and are called the *Pointers*, from the fact, that in whatever position the constellation is observed, a line passing through these two stars, and continued in the direction of *Dubhe* for 28 degrees, passes through *Cynosura*, the North or pole star. To this remarkable star—it was discovered some years since—a magnetic needle will constantly point, a discovery which has done more for commerce, made more sailors, and caused more fatigue to the legs of the author, than any other under heaven, Colt's pistols not excepted. It must not be understood that the needle points to the pole star, because the star pos-



sees any particular attraction for it. Currents of electricity passing constantly from west to east about the earth, cause the needle to point north and south, and it is merely in consequence of the star Cynosura lying exactly in the north, that it appears directed toward it. Immediately opposite to the Great Bear, beyond Cynosura, we observe the constellation Cassiopeia, which, instead of representing as it should, a respectable looking old woman, sitting on a throne, takes the appearance of a chair, which constantly revolving about the north star, is thrown into as many different positions as the chair used by the celebrated "India-rubber man," in his wonderful feats of dexterity.

Near Cassiopeia, but further to the east, we find Andromeda, which constellation, representing a young lady, chained to a rock, without a particle of clothing, we shall not attempt to point out more definitely. Perseus, near Andromeda, holds in his hand the head of Medusa, a glance from whose eyes turned the gazer into stone, which accounts for the origin of the Stones, a numerous and highly respectable family in the United States. If we prolong the handle of the dipper some 25 degrees, we observe a brilliant star of the first magnitude, of a ruddy appearance, called Arcturus; which many years since, a person named Job, was asked if he could guide, and he acknowledged he couldn't do it. The star is in the knee of the Boötes (which is pronounced Bootees; he was the inventor and wearer of those articles), who, with two grayhounds, Asterion and Chara, is apparently driving the Bear forever around the pole. A beautiful star 30 degrees E. of Arcturus, named Lyra, distinguished by two small stars with which it makes an equilateral triangle, points out the position of the Harp; immediately beneath which is seen the Swan, distinguished by five stars forming a large and regular cross, the foot of which being turned up, prevents its being noticed, unless closely examined. The bright star in the head of the cross is Deneb-Cygni. Twenty degrees S. E. of Lyra, we observe the brilliant star Altair in the Eagle, equidistant from two other small stars, making with it a slight curve.

The beautiful constellation Orion (which takes its name from the founder of the celebrated Irish family of O'Ryan) may be easily distinguished by its belt, three bright stars, forming a right line about 8 degrees in length; with three smaller stars immediately below (forming an angle with it), which distinguish the handle of the sword. The brilliant star of the first magnitude, in the left shoulder of Orion, is called Betelgeuse, that in the right shoulder, Bellatrix; the star in the right knee, is Saiph; that in the left foot, Rigel. Some 20 degrees N. E. of the seven stars, the brilliant star Capella, in the Wagoner, may be recognized by three small stars, forming an acute-angled triangle, immediately below it. A very beautiful star, of peculiarly whitish lustre, named Formalhaut, forms the eye of the Southern Fish; it is about 30 degrees S. E. of the Y in Aquarius and cannot be mistaken, as it is the only brilliant star in that part of the heavens. We have now mentioned most of the principal constellations, but we suspect that the ardent curiosity and love of research of our readers will hardly allow

them to rest contented with the meagre information thus conveyed, but that they will hasten to seek in the writings of standard authors, such a knowledge of this interesting subject, as the scope of these lectures will not permit us to attempt imparting. They will thus find the truth of Hamlet's statement, "that more things exist in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of" in their philosophy. Dragons, Hydras, Serpents and Centaurs, Big Dogs and Little Dogs, Doves, Coons and Ladies' Hair, will be exhibited to their admiring gaze, and they will also have their attention directed to the remarkable constellation Phoenix (named for an ancestor of the present Johannes, but not in the least resembling him, or the family portraits), to which the modesty of the author has merely permitted him to make this brief allusion. On the subject of Comets, we should have desired to make a lengthy dissertation; but Professor Silliman in his late efforts to throw light upon it, has decided that these bodies are nothing but Gas; which sets the matter at rest forever, and renders discussion useless.

The lecture now closes, with an exhibition of the "Phantasmagoria" (which is the scientific name of a tin Magic Lantern), showing the various Heavenly bodies tranquilly revolving round the Sun, perfectly undisturbed by the extravagant motions of these rampant comets, continually crossing their paths in orbits of impossible eccentricity, while the organ, slowly turned by the Professor with one hand (the other imparting motion to the planets), emits in plaintive tones that touching melody the "Low-Backed Car," giving an excruciating and probably correct idea of the "Music of the Spheres," which nobody ever heard, and, therefore, the correctness of the imitation cannot be disputed. This portion of the entertainment should be continued as long as possible, as the author has observed, it never fails to give great satisfaction to the audience; any exhibition requiring a darkened room, being a "sure card" of attraction in a community where there are many young people, which accounts for the wonderful success of Banvard's Panorama. Should the Professor's arm become wearied before the audience are entirely satisfied, it is easy to disperse them, by the simple process of shutting down the slide, stopping the organ, and inducing a small boy, by a trifling pecuniary compensation, to holla *Fire!* in the vicinity of the lecture-room.

The author acknowledges the receipts of "An Astronomical Poem" from a "Young Observer," commencing

"Oh, if I had a telescope with fourteen slides," with the modest request that he would "introduce" it in his second lecture; but the detestable attempt of the "Young Observer" to make "slides" rhyme with "Pleiades" in the second line, and the fearful pun in the thirty-seventh verse, on "the Meteor by moonlight alone," compel him to decline the introduction. The manuscript will be returned to the author, on making known his real name, and engaging to destroy it immediately.

When a young man marries, the Demon utters a fearful cry. His fellows immediately crowd round him, and inquire the subject of his grief. "Another son of Adam," he answers, "has just escaped out of my clutches."

## JOSH BILLINGS.

The *Troy News*—one of the brightest of our country exchanges—has just been celebrating its first Annual Festival. Among the principal speakers on the occasion was Josh Billings. The chairman on calling Josh out, gave the following description of him:

Some of you who have read the *Troy News* during the past year may like to know something of the personnel of that quaint, unique, droll, funny, yet sensible humorist who, under the signature of "Josh Billings," has acquired so wide a celebrity. He is a child of impulse—only forty-six years of age—and silver mounted. He tells me that what he does he must do quickly. Says he—"If I stop to think I soon get lost—if I take a rest I couldn't hit the broadside of a circus tent." So you see that he is a gushing child of genius—and I say let him gush—the more the better. He was born in Berkshire County, Mass., beside the green pastures and still waters of the Housatonic—emigrated at the age of fifteen to the turbid waters of the Ohio and Mississippi—was educated amid the strife of men—and is six feet three inches in height, as you will discover when he rises to speak. He has dabbled in all kinds of business, from driving sheep to running a stern wheel steamboat—has a powerful recollection, but no memory—is neither rich nor poor nor any desire to be—believes all work is honorable except dirty work. He says he believes in the Christian religion, and had rather be an idiotic beast than an unbeliever. This is about all that I know of him or that he knows of himself, as far as heard from. I should add that he is of a nervous nature, would rather be whipped than disputed, and is more afraid of a mouse nibbling in a wainscot, than of an elephant on a raid.

Josh's speech in reply is one of his cleverest "efforts." The report of it in the *News* is as follows:

Gentlemen and Mr. Chairman.—I rise with grate diffidence for the first time in my life, to address an improptew assemblage. What I can say is instant, and I cannot alter it; I cannot sit down, or stand up, and study a thing out, any more than I can set down and think how to lift a ton. We have met here, just for fun; and I believe that all things, including truth, have a fun redikilous side to them, and I fully believe, that while Satan, with consummate skill, fills his ranks with the arts of seduction, virtue should resort to the same means. I believe in sugar-coated pills, and I believe that virtue and wisdom can be smuggled into a man's soul by a good natured proverb, better and deeper than to be morticed into it with a wormwood mallet and chisel. We have met to celebrate the birth day of a Sunday newspaper, the child is a year old, and is a growing nicely. Some people doubt the propriety of Sunday newspapers, they seem to think that the Sabbath was made only for the acts of sectarian worship, but I believe that religion was never designed as a business, but only to regulate and correct business with,—I should as soon think of tunnelling Hoosick mountain by prayer,—when a people devote all their time to religion, superstition and bigotry are sure to prevail. Man is the only thing created with the power to laugh; birds and flowers can almost do it, and dogs would like to,—mules smile with their heels. Fun was made for the million, ethics for the few, and the man who can invent a generous and healthy sauce to enliven a dish of billed greens with, is a Christian,—fun may never have furnished a splendid dinner, but it has helped swaller many a poor one. "Six days shall thou labor, and on the seventh rest,"—there is no labor in fun, and a Sunday newspaper does all its work on Saturday. I had rather tend one wedding than a dozen funerals; and a birth even if it aint any thing more than the hatching of a duck's egg, is always another success. Life is short, and that is one grate reason why it ought always to be cheerful, and I fully believe, that when Gabriel blows his horn, the first ones that rise, will wear a smile on their faces. Judas betrayed with a laff, and a kiss, but the fun of the thing was, he went off and hung himself. He that cannot laff is to be pitied, and him that wont laff is to be feared. I am clean thru,—this is my maiden speech, and I will bet 10 dollars that I wont never run the risk of doing it agin. Adew.

"Josh Billings" is understood to be the *nom de plume* of Mr. Henry W. Shaw of Poughkeepsie.

(From the *London Saturday Review*.)

## HINTS ON HATS.\*

There was a popular song many years ago which took for its theme the effects of the spread of education and refinement among the

\* *Hints on Hats*. By Henry Melton, Baster to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. London: John Camden Bottem. 1886.



trading classes of the community. Its title was, "The Literary Dustman," and it drew a charming picture of a cultivated gentleman of that calling in his leisure hours. His tastes and accomplishments were represented as identical with those usually considered to be the exclusive property of the wealthy and idle, and the grimy duties of the day over, he whiled away the evening with literature and music, or elevated and improved his mind by the study of art and science. The popularity of the song, at the time, was doubtless due to the obvious and humorous incongruity between the habits of the actual dustman of the period and this ideal dustman of the future. Such, however, was not the effect which we imagine the poet intended. It is more than probable that he was an enthusiastic advocate of progress—from internal evidence the date of the poem may be safely referred to the time of the Reform bill—and that he was simply throwing into a poetic form his visions of the coming millennium of enlightenment. Those visions have not yet been realized, but we must be careful how we rashly stigmatize them as Utopian. It is true that the dustman has not yet reached that pitch of culture which would enable him to find in Beethoven or in a Bridge-water treatise an agreeable relaxation after the toils of the day; but it would be idle to deny that there has been a very remarkable intellectual progress in the higher walks of trade. If we have not got to literary dustmen, we have, at any rate, made some advance in that direction, for we have already tailors, perfumers, and hatters who are not merely literary in their tastes, but actual producers of a well-defined literature. It is a curious fact, too, that this literature of the counter, young as it is, has already passed through several of the recognized phases. In its earliest state, we find it in the form of rugged but spirit-striving verse, lyric or balladic, chanting the praises of, or challenging competition with, the article which the poet has for sale. Then succeeds the period of didactic or narrative poetry, of which the works of Warren of the Strand, who may be considered as a sort of commercial Chaucer, are the best example. From him we pass to the more polished and elaborate strains of E. Moses & Son, whose richness of imagination and courtliness of tone suggest something in common with the school of Spenser and his contemporaries. The early drama is represented by those dialogues we used to meet with in the papers, beginning with a conversation on the state of the weather, or some such common-place topic, but invariably winding up with a eulogy of the superior quality of somebody's hats or umbrellas. Thus, by easy stages, we come to that simple but elegant prose in which the thoughts of trade are at present embodied. Tradesmen now are becoming essayist and treatise writers. They cultivate style and display erudition. They have Lemprière and Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities* and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* at their fingers' end. Moses, or some one in his employment, writes papers on trousers which have all the ease and playfulness of a sartorial Addison. Mr. Eugene Rimmel, of the Strand, has produced an exhaustive work on perfumes so highly scented that even a blind man could not turn over its pages without gaining some knowledge of the subject; and now Mr. Melton, of Regent street, hatter to

the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and Napoleon III., comes out with a little volume on the history and philosophy of hats.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that a book of this sort, because it happens to be the production of a tradesman, and relates to his trade, must be, therefore, a puff or advertisement of some sort. It may certainly have the effect of an advertisement in attracting public attention to the author and his wares, but he cannot help that. He is only obeying the natural instincts of a thoughtful and cultivated mind filled with enthusiasm for the art to which its best faculties have been devoted. This appears to have been peculiarly the case with Mr. Melton. He has been all his life making hats, and thinking about them. He has accumulated stores of hat-lore, and has formed theories on the subject of hats which he does not feel himself justified in withholding from the public any longer, and he not unnaturally protests in his preface against any misconstruction of his motives. Next to his anxiety for the public good, his greatest desire is "to offer a humble tribute of gratitude and respect to his late illustrious patron, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort." The connection between a treatise on hats and the memory of His late Royal Highness is at first sight not very obvious; but if the reader possesses, or has access to, a set of the volumes of PUNCH, he will find, on referring back, that about twenty years ago, there was a good deal of badinage in the pages of that periodical about the "Albert Hat," a military head-dress said to have been invented by His Royal Highness. Mr. Melton, it appears, was the hatter to whom the Prince entrusted the task of throwing his conception into a practical form, and several of these pages are devoted to a vindication of the design and correct taste of his patron. This is highly creditable to him as a man and as a hatter. His profession has been always remarkable for its unswerving loyalty. Mr. Thackeray made a great mistake, in *VANITY FAIR*, when he described one of Miss Brigg's covetous relations as "a radical hatter." Shoemakers invariably, and tailors occasionally, are radical in their political sentiments, but hatters never. Whether it is that they are professionally brought into contact with the noblest portion of the human frame, or that the work of their hands has been from time immemorial associated with ideas of dignity, ceremony, and reverence, while their less fortunate brothers have to manufacture articles to be sat upon or trampled under foot, hatters have always been reverential in their instincts, and staunch supporters of dignities. Hence, indeed, comes that charge of insanity which is proverbially brought against them as a class. "Mad as a hatter," is nothing more than the unmeaning gibe of some bigoted cobbler of levelling principles, who attributed to mental derangement the lofty loyalty and chivalrous Toryism which his vulgar mind was unable to comprehend. Mr. Melton does not hesitate to confess his obligations to the Prince. "His quick eye," he says, "practical knowledge, and elegant manner of conveying his opinions, charmed as well as improved me. Whether speaking of the material or the make of any article, the Prince was, in many instances, more than my master." He has also a very high opinion of the taste of the Prince

of Wales, especially as shown in the more youthful style of hat recently introduced by him, which is poetically described as "sitting upon one or two wise heads like spring blossoms and autumn foliage." It is not generally known, perhaps, that His Royal Highness has, beside this, "already introduced a clever improvement on the round-crowned felt hat," which has satisfactorily proved to Mr. Melton's mind that he has "inherited all the elegant anxiety and gracious willingness of the late Prince Consort to promote improvement and enterprise."

As might be expected, Mr. Melton is a staunch conservative in hats, and supports the existing cylindrical or chimney-pot form manfully. It is, at any rate, a mistake to denounce this shape as a modern barbarism, for it has a very respectable antiquity to support it. It was introduced by Essex, and made popular by Sir Walter Raleigh; and evidently Lord Bacon thought it becoming, for he sat in it for the portraits by which his features are best known. But, taking up the question practically, Mr. Melton passes in review all the hats and caps which preceded its first appearance in England, and then all those which succeeded during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until the restoration of the cylinder, and asks his reader whether "it is not, all things considered, the best shape we could have. Picturesque it is not, he admits, but neither ought it to be if it is to harmonize with the modern costume; it is, however, simple and sufficiently dignified, and affords, better than any other, the means of securing a perfect ventilation. A great deal, however, depends on the eye and judgment of the artist. The hat should be suited to the height, breadth of shoulder, and general figure of the wearer. Of course it must be nicely adapted to the form of his head, but this is not all; there is his nose to be considered. There is no feature with which nature indulges her fancy so freely as the nose, of which she has produced so many varieties. "Would," says Mr. Melton, in a fine burst of artistic enthusiasm, "the same kind of hat suit all of them, in all their varieties of tips, points, and expressions? Assuredly not." He does not explain the precise nature of the relation between the hat and the nose, or on what principles he produces the desirable harmony between them. Perhaps he could not, any more than a landscape painter could explain how he paints a sunset; and, even if he could, it would be too much to expect him to expose those mysteries of his art to which he has attained by long and patient study. The greatest genius in the art of hat adaptation Mr. Melton ever met with seems to have been the late Count d'Orsay. He even went so far as to vary his hats to suit his coats, wearing a hat smaller in every way when he had on a light riding-coat than when he wore that magnificent sealskin coat which he introduced into this country with such brilliant effect.

It was on the Count that Mr. Melton first tried his prentice hand. Mr. Melton's story is one which Mr. Smiles ought to have had as an illustration of energy, perseverance, and noble ambition. Born, he says, to affluence, and trained up with the prospect of entering one of the learned professions, he was compelled by a reverse of fortune to seek an immediate independence by his own exertions.



The successful career of the famous Mr. Moore the hatter, and "the fashionable position of his son, his four-in-hand, his general reception into good society, his reputation as a patron of art and *belles lettres*, pointed to well-earned wealth in trade as something worthy a young gentleman's ambition." So Mr. Melton, seeing that the hatting business was an eminently genteel one, took to it in preference to any other, and, to make a good start, went to Count d'Orsay at once to request the honor of making a hat for him. The Count, after a good deal of scientific conversation on the subject, graciously allowed him to undertake the hat; and, as Mr. Melton gratefully records the result, his interview with this great leader of fashion ended in his receiving orders that resulted in a brilliant success. Since, he has been honored with the confidence, in hat matters, of many royal and noble personages—among others of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington. A touching instance of the Earl's anxiety to secure a perfect fit is mentioned. He once invited the author down to Bradgate, where he was received with noble and elegant hospitality, had the privilege of attending divine service, and hearing a very admirable sermon from the private chaplain in the presence of the noble Earl and his beautiful Countess, and finally received "one of his lordship's usual liberal orders."

Still, courted and caressed as he has been, Mr. Melton has had slight to put up with. Sir Edwin Landseer has not behaved handsomely to him. Sir Edwin painted a portrait of a favorite dog of the Prince Consort's, and introduced into the picture a hat lying on a cushion, of which Mr. Melton observes with a deep and manly pathos—"Had the hat but luckily been placed just an inch more horizontally, the crown would have displayed my name as 'Hatter to His Royal Highness,' and thus rendered me an incalculable service, without prejudicing the picture in the least degree. But fate, or the artist's fancy, decreed otherwise."

Somebody said to a cock, "Thou art nothing but an ingrate and a bad-hearted creature. Thou art well fed, and supplied with all the enjoyments of life; thou art vaunted, admired: and nevertheless, if we wish to caress thee, thou takest thy departure precipitately. Behold the bird of lofty lineage (the falcon); his whole life has been spent in the wilderness. And yet, if he become captive, he resigns himself immediately, quickly gets accustomed to his master, refusing to leave him, and showing his gratitude for every kindness of which he is the object." "True," replied the cock. "But if he had seen as many of his fellows bled and roasted as I have seen brethren of mine on the spit, his conduct would not be different to my own."

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The Opera Orchestra will be in attendance.  
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THE ORCHESTRA OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC will be in attendance.  
Admission, 75 cents; Reserved seats, 25 cents extra. Family Circle, 50 cents. Private boxes from \$5 to \$12. Doors open at quarter past seven. Performances commence at eight o'clock.  
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The office for subscriptions is now open at the Academy of Music from 3 A. M. to 4 P. M. The several offices for the Sale of Tickets for each Operatic Representation, will open at the usual places on THURSDAY, the 21st of September, 1885.  
Further particulars will be published in due time.

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